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Life after War World Three



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Chapter 1 by Amber Anderson

This is a message for the people of the future. WWII has destroyed our land. The food we eat is now artificial. We live in a dome and even our air is artificial. We have 2 different classes of people there are the aboves whose housing is unlimited and they can have as many children as they want. Then you have us, the bellows, we have very little housing and are limited to 2 children per family. There's even a waiting list for marriage. Our population is made up of the last known human beings on the planet. Whatever else is out there has been so far mutated that it can't even be considered human anymore.

Chapter 2 by Harlander



Or at least that's what they told us. One day, I'd learn that the truth was quite different.

We below-dwellers are the maintenance workers of the city. If it weren't for our constant efforts, the human race would be doomed, but for our trouble we were forced down into the dark. I remember reading an old book, so worn away by time that it barely held together. It had a word for people in the same situation as us. It called us *morlocks*.

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It looked like I was just in time. One of the high-pressure steam pipes had a blockage, and the pipe was bulging out to an alarming extent. I pulled a long-handled wrench from my tool belt. I'd have to divert the flow to another run before I could disassemble the swollen pipe and clear the blockage. I tapped my chin with the wrench, trying to think of where the nearest junction tap might be.

Then the pipe burst. The force of the steam sent shards of metal scattering across the dim chamber. Worse yet, one large chunk lodged itself into the casing of a machine. Its former loud hum was replaced by a strained chugging. The noise grew louder and louder, and all I could think to do was jump behind a heavy pipe. There was a huge rumbling boom, and the ground seemed to shake. Worse yet, I heard a high whistling sound that I feared I knew the cause of.

I peeked around the pipe. The stricken machine had completely exploded, leaving little more than a starburst of soot and shattered metal. Then I saw something that made my blood run cold and confirmed my fear. There was a huge crack in the outer wall, big enough to squeeze your whole body through - and the air was rushing out.

A pair of heavy, echoing clangs filled the air. Emergency bulkheads had closed, sealing the chamber I was in forever to protect the dome's precious air supply.

The only way that was left to me was the crack that led into the deadly, toxic outer world.

Chapter 3 by Harlander



I was filled with panic for what seemed like an eternity. The last scraps of breathable air were rushing out through the huge crack in the dome wall. Would it keep surging out until there was nothing left but vacuum? Or would the poison of the outer world seep in?

Wound up by thoughts of my imminent demise, it took me an embarrassingly long time to realise that I was, in fact, *not* choking away my life in a heap on the floor. I pulled my hands away from my eyes where I'd been holding them, as if death could be escaped if I didn't see it coming. The lights in the chamber flickered and went dark - the dome saving the power that'd be used to

light a place where no citizen would walk again.

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As the artificial light dimmed, I saw the crack in the wall. It was a strange colour - much sharper and more vibrant than the others. It beckoned to me.

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I found myself stepping forward and carefully squeezing myself between the ragged lips of torn metal. Inch by inch, the shards ripping at my clothes and gouging into my skin, I made my way through the gap.

Outside, it was very bright and very quiet.

Chapter 4 by Amber Anderson



The world out side the dome was nothing like they said it would be. The air is clean. Nothing is on fire. Every thing is green and beautiful. There's wild life running around and eating vegetation. It's so beautiful out here I almost don't want to go back into the dome, and anyway if I go back in they'll know it was me who caused it and I'll get thrown in jail. I look back at the dome, the place I've lived all my life. I think about my friends Anne, Sapphire, and Cole. i think about the fun we used to have in the old quarries. Tying rope to the wall and then around ourselves and jumping into a hole that would somehow send a random gush of air out and send us flying. If I go back I'll be the only one to have saw this. I look up at the top of the dome and see a red light flashing along with the sounds of sirens. Now's my last chance to go back home. They'll be closing the crack soon.

Chapter 5 by Harlander



I was sure that, somehow, if I just made it back inside, I could force my way through the bulkhead seals and get back into the liveable parts of the dome. I could tell everyone what I'd seen out here. We could all leave the dome together.

I started walking back towards the crack in the dome, when I felt the wind pick up around me. The torn edges of my Belower overalls started to flap, and still the wind grew stronger and louder. I heard a noise behind me and turned.

Something hovered in the air before me, just a little outside of arm's reach. It looked like one of the above-dwellers' air cars, but smaller - about the size of a person, but bulbous. A cluster of large fans held it aloft, and on the end closest to me was a lumpy sphere packed with cameras,

antenna and all manner of things I couldn't identify.

A mechanical voice in a language I didn't understand said, "Identify the subject."

"คุณพ่อหรือคุณแม่หรือลุงหรือคุณยายหรือพี่ชายหรือพี่สาวหรือเพื่อนหรือใครหรือ"

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Parts of the object, thin tubes, flicked forward. A red light shone out of one, playing over me.

The device spoke again. "Bambonile. Asazi ukuba kutheni na apha. Cacisa ngokwakho."

"I don't understand!" I yelled. Behind me, I heard the shrill buzz of saws and the crackle of welding torches. The gap was being sealed.

"Language identified. Stranger, you should not be out here. Explain yourself."

Chapter 6 by _Gray



My thoughts had traveled miles away from the hovering craft the moment i heard the echoing sound of what seem to be a ten pound sledge hitting the crack in the outer wall. Forgetting i was being interrogated by a UFO, i followed my thoughts. Still out of the welders sight i was separated from my thoughts once more.

Bring me to a complete halt and commanding my fullest attention, a screen slowly emerge from the top. Centered between the blades sustaining it in the air, a voice with a more comprehensive language structure and patterned to sound like a female asked "What are you purpose for being out here, it is forbidden for everyone?"

I stood there frozen. Allowing its question to fully walked across my brain. Then it hit me, this wasn't a one sided decision. Our dome had secrets, secrets that apparently needed to be locked away and guarded.

"Code A134, all drones respond immediately."

A bright light flashed. It was like placing a flood light before your eyes and switching it on and off with in a micro of a second.

Almost knocking me off my feet with its hurricane wind it propelled, i could tell it was something much more important than me being out here. My thoughts began leading the way by reminding me i was about to be sealed away from my most pleased memories creators. And

besides, it would spend the rest of days here. I know for sure Anne would joined me if given the chance.

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My legs began propelling

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"How the hell did you get out there?" The voice of Mr Adams pierced my ear drums, demanding an immediate relevant explanation. Furious, and blocking my entrance, i could have seen the root of reluctance emerging from his jet black pupil.

"It, it puled me out." Without allowing a second to separate what i said from my mouth, his war rough hands viced my wrist lending me entrance.

"Report it immediately" He shouted, as he employed his hands to finish sealing the doom.

Mr Adams is very much a family man that try hard not to keep any secrets from his immediate family. So there wasn't a doubt that Anne would've heard about it before i got the chance to comfort her ears.

Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8 (1 draft)

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